Blair County Whig.

Vol. XIV--Whole No. 742. *OUR COUNTRY IS OUR PARTY.* New Series--Vol. 1, No. 7.

John Brotherline, John H. Keatley, } Editors. HOLLIDAYSBURG & ALTOONA, BLAIR COUNTY, PA., NOVEMBER 29, 1861.

RAILROAD CARS.

SCHEDULE OF DEPARTURES.

TRAIN LEAVES HOLLIDAYSBURG—
At 6.50 A M, c'ing with Mail T. E. & Ex. T. W.
" 1.55 P. M., connecting with Mail Tr. West.
" 8.25 P. M., connecting with Fast L. West.

RETUENING.

LEAVES ALTOONA—
At 8.40 A M, on depart. M. T. E. & Ex. T. W.
" 2.45 P. M., on departure of Mail Tr. West.
" 9.10 P. M., on departure of Fast L. West.

DIRECTORY.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE WHIG.

MAILS CLOSE AND OPEN.

MAILS CLOSE.

MORNING—	
Philadelphia Through	6 A M.
Eastern Way	"
Western Way	"
Altoona	"
Duncansville	9 A M.
Bedford	"
Martinsburg	1 P M.
Williamsburg	"
Altoona	1.30 P. M.
EVENING—	
Philadelphia Through	8 P M.
Harrisburg "	"
Pittsburgh "	"
Duncansville "	"

MAILS ARRIVE.

MORNING—	
Philadelphia Through	9.20 A M.
Harrisburg "	"
Pittsburg "	"
Western Way	"
Altoona	"
Martinsburg	11 A. M.
Williamsburg	"
EVENING—	
Eastern Way	3.30 P. M.
Altoona	"
Bedford	5 P. M.
Philadelphia Through	10 P. M.

List of Post Offices in Blair County.

Post Office.	*Post Master.*
Altoona,	G. W. Patton.
Antestown,	B. F. Bell.
Arch Spring,	I. C. Caldwell.
Bruce,	David Aurandt.
Canoe Creek.	D. W. Brown.
Duncansville,	Mrs. McCabe.
East Freedom,	John B. Kephart.
Fostoria,	A. B. Myers.
Frankstown,	H. P. Kephart.
Hollidaysburgh,	James Bingham.
Martinsburgh,	J. G. Herbst.
Newry,	Landon Reeve.
Olivia,	S. B. Ewing.
Sabbath Rest,	W. F. Sellers.
Sarah,	Paul Mauk.
Sinking Valley,	D. P. Tussey.
Spang's Mills,	R. Todd.
Springfield Furnace,	A. McAllister.
Tipton,	W. P. Dysart.
Tyrone,	Harriet M. Stewart.
Williamsburgh,	W. J. Spencer.
Yellow Springs,	J. M. Kinkead.

UNITED STATES OFFICERS.

	Salary.
Abraham Lincoln, of Ill., President,	$25,000
Hannibal Hamlin, of Me., V. President,	8,000

THE CABINET.

W. H. Seward, of N. Y., Sec. of State,	8,000
S. P. Chase, of Ohio, Sec. of Treasury,	8,000
C. B. Smith, of Ind., Sec. of Interior,	8,000
Gideon Welles, of Conn., Sec. of Navy,	8,000
Simon Cameron, of Penn., Sec. of War,	8,000
Edward Bates, of Missouri, Att'y Gen.,	8,000
Montg'y Blair, of Md., P. M. General,	8,000

THE JUDICIARY.

SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Roger B. Taney, of Md.,	Chief Justice,		6,500
J M Wayne, of Ga.,	Associate Justice,		6,000
John Catron, of Tenn.,	"	"	6,000
J. A. Campbell, of Ala.,	"	"	6,000
Samuel Nelson, N. Y.,	"	"	6,000
R. C. Grier, of Penn.,	"	"	6,000
Nathan Clifford, Me.,	"	"	6,000

Two vacancies.

Court meets the first Monday in December at Washington.

REPRESENTATIVES FROM BLAIR COUNTY.

Hon S S. Blair, Member of House of Rep's.
Lewis W. Hall, member of the State Senate.
Thaddeus Banks, member of State Legislature.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

President Judge, Hon. Geo. Taylor, (of Huntingdon county.)
Associates, Samuel Dean and Adam Moses.
A. S. Morrow, Prothonotary.
Samuel McCamant, Sheriff.
H. A. Caldwell, Register and Recorder.
Benj. L. Hewit, District Attorney.
Geo. L. Cowen, Geo. Koon, and James M. Kinkead, County Commissioners.
H. A. Caldwell, Clerk to Commissioners.
John McKeage, Treasurer.
Peter Good, William Burley, and David Aurandt, Directors of Poor.
John Penn Jones, Poor House Treasurer.
Edward McGraw, jr, Steward of Poor House.
Benj. Rough, Mercantile Appraiser.
A. M. Lloyd, Robert Messimer, and L. L. Moore, Auditors.
James L. Gwin, County Surveyor.
James A. Freeman, Coroner.
John Mitchell, Supt. of Common Schools.

...GH OFFICERS.

...B. Bowers, Justices of ...

...st, John McClure, ...rinale and Wm. G. ...

...wn Council. ...er.

...Thad. ...temp- ...d.

OUR FLAG FOREVER.

Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us?
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

THE WHIG.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1861.

The Sanitary Commission.

We take great pleasure in publishing the following patriotic appeal from the ladies of Huntingdon. We hope it may stimulate our ladies to renewed exertions in behalf of the comfort of those who have so nobly gone forth to fight our battles.

Where do our ladies stand on this question? What is Mrs. C. H. I—— about? May we not hope to soon hear from her in this patriotic cause?

To the Women of Huntingdon County.

We, the women of Huntingdon, having organized a Soldier's Aid society, ask you to co-operate with us in our efforts to provide for our sick and wounded soldiers, in whom we have a common interest, who are, we find, from the circular of the U. S. Sanitary Commission, notwithstanding the great efforts made by Government to relieve their wants, in pressing need of many comforts, which this Commission calls upon the women of America to furnish, and pledges itself to distribute properly.

The Commission is composed of eminent and Christian men, and has been recommended by President Lincoln and Generals Scott and McClellan. Their appeal, which is too long to publish here, has so touched our hearts that we feel assured it would meet with an instant response in yours, and would therefore suggest to you the immediate organization of societies, where none already exist, in every town and township in the county, to meet at least once a week for the preparation of clothing, &c. Let committees be appointed by them to visit from house to house, in both town and country, thus giving to all an opportunity to contribute; collecting what is most needed, viz: money for the purchase of materials, yarn, woolen stockings, thirteen inches long in the legs, taking care that three or four sizes are provided, mittens knit with one finger, or made out of cloth, or thick, warm gloves, blankets, comfortables, second hand quilts, sheets, small hair and feather pillows, and cushions for wounded limbs, pillow cases of dark calico of fast colors, bed ticking (7 feet long and 3 feet wide,—leave one end open and sew on four tape strings,) shirts and drawers of thick muslin or woolen or cotton flannel, hospital shirts and drawers made large and loose, bed gowns, slippers, towels, pocket handkerchiefs, eye shades, tea, rice, sago, oatmeal, tapioca, pearl barley, yeast cakes, yeast powders, castile soap, sponges, farina, arrow-root, corn starch, cocoa, spices, dried or canned fruit, apple butter, butter, cider vinegar, rye whiskey, tomatoes, dried herbs, jellies, wines, syrups, cologne water, camphor, old pieces of soft cotton or linen, cotton batting, oil silk, needle cases containing coarse needles, patent thread and buttons, pin-cushions, lead pencils, pens, writing paper, envelopes, old magazines and books, newspapers, checker and backgammon boards, brushes, combs, tooth-brushes, or anything else which may suggest itself to you, as likely to be useful. Persons wishing the sizes of sheets, pillows, hospital drawers or shirts, &c., for which particular directions have been given by the Commission, can have them by writing to the Secretary of the society at Huntingdon. Bottles and jars should be *labelled*, and closely cemented, and jellies should have a covering of white sugar to the depth of half an inch, to prevent fermentation, and stout paper (not brandied) pasted over the mouth, or put into stone bottles or jars and well corked and sealed. Pack the articles in strong wooden boxes, and if possible, put on the cover with screws; and on the top of the contents, under the lid, a full list of the articles should be placed, and a duplicate list sent by mail, with the railroad receipt. Dry goods put up securely in bales, will be carried at a much cheaper rate, than if put in boxes. Mark in large letters on the outside, "From the ladies of——, for the U. S. Sanitary Commission, care of Fred. Law Olmstead, 211 F street, Washington, D. C. (Hospital stores, jellies or wines or clothing;) or

Care of Sam'l and Wm. Welsh, No. 218 South Delaware Avenue, Philadelphia.

Care of Dr. W. H. Mussey, Cincinnati; or

For the Chicago Sanitary Commission: No. 41 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill., which is a branch of the U. S. Sanitary Commission, and will distribute articles to the soldies in the North Western Department. Arrangements for free transportation should be made, or freight paid in advance. (The Express companies will make a reduction on the usual rates for this purpose. The Supt. of Adam's Express in Philadelphia, has been written to by us, and says that he will do so.) As the Commission visits, through its agents, "every camp and hospital, from the Atlantic to the plains," ascertaining their wants and administering their necessities, as far as lies in thei power, the West can be reached and relieved through them, as readily as the East, so that parties whose feelings prompt them to send their gifts to Kentucky or Missouri, where there is great lack of the most ordinary comforts—many of the troops, some of whom are Pennsylvanians, lying upon the ground, without tents or blankets, and with an insufficient supply of clothing and food—can do so with the assurance that their generosity will not be thrown away. Remember mothers, sisters, and wives, that the West has been drained for the protection of the East, and in the security of your homes, show your gratitude, by sending to it now, in its hour of sore trial, of your abundance. "Let none consider their efforts too feeble, or contributions too small, to aid in this work. Let the cry go from one end of our State to the other, into every house and cot, that the suffering must be relieved." Women of Penusylvania, we *may* not put aside this appeal—let it not be said it was made to us in vain.

If persons from the country, who may find it inconvenient to forward their goods, will leave their contributions with any one of the following ladies: Mrs. John Cunningham, Mrs. John Mattern, Mrs. Thos. Fisher, Mrs. Jas. Saxton, Mrs. Wm. P. Orbison, marked "For the Soldier's Aid Society," a list will be kept of their names and donations, and their gifts duly acknowledged.

Parcels should be clearly marked with the *name of the donor*, and residence, and the *contents*, and whether intended for East or West—unless the donors prefer leaving the latter to the discretion of the Society.

Very Respectfully,

MRS. DAVID BLAIR, *President.*

Mrs. John Cunningham, Mrs. Charles Miller, Mrs. Armstrong Willoughby, Mrs. Dr. J. B. Luden, Mrs. Jno. Given, and Mrs. Jas. Maguire, *Vice Presidents.*

Miss P. Jackson, Mrs. Jno. Geo. Miles, *Secretaries and Treasurers* Soldier's Aid Society.

Huntingdon, Nov. 18, 1861.

A TALE.

UP IN THE AIR.

Some few months back I was called in (I am a surgeon by profession) to attend a Senor Tornados, who, despite his name, was as true an Englishman by birth and parentage as the parish of Lambeth ever bred and reared. I found him suffering from extreme debility and nervousness brought on by the overstrained tension of the muscles and sinews. He told me that he was a rope dancer, slack and tight; a tumbler stiff and loose; sprite, acrobat and bottle equilibrist; and many other things which have escaped my memory.

His family consisted of his wife, a pale, sickly looking woman, somewhat older than himself, and a very handsome little girl. Accustomed as I was to witness the devotion of women by a sick bedside, and the irritability of male patients, the self sacrifice of Madame Tornados, and the demonstrative gratitude of her husband for each act of attention surprised me. He was under my care some months, and, as he recovered, grew talkative and familiar. One evening as he sat in an easy chair propped up by pillows, he favored me with the following narrative. I purposely suppress any professional technicalities and acrobatic *argot*, which would be unintelligible to the ordinary reader.

"You see, sir," he began "my father was a hawker over in Lambeth Marsh. I never knew my mother because she died when I was quite young. I don't know how it was I learned tumbling. The first thing I can remember is standing on my head close to Westminster Bridge, and a gentleman going by giving me a shilling. 'Now, my boy,' the gentleman said, 'do that again,' which I did. 'Now,' said he, 'spring,' which I did, and came on my feet again. 'Good boy,' said he, and patted me on the head. That gentleman sir, was the great Mr. Ducrow. Well, sir, of course, after *such* encouragement, from *such* a man a tumbler I became. I spared neither pains nor trouble, and practiced till I became master of my art and head of my profession.

"About seven years ago—I was just twenty-three I first met with James Renford, who was also in my line, and he proposed that we should work together, I consented, and we traveled about and exhibited at town halls, and assembly rooms and large rooms at inns; but we did very badly. Ranford had a wife and child so it fell harder upon him. I was forced to lend what little I could spare, for I could not see a young woman and a little baby go without while I had it, could I?

"Well, sir, things got from bad to worse, and my partner, being a man of violent temper, took to drink—he was always given that way—and I am sorry to say, he used to beat his wife. Sometimes my blood has boiled, and I have walked away for fear that I should interfere. However, I used to cheer up missus as well as I could, and nurse the little girl, and they both grew to like me very much.

"One night, at a little place called Paddlethorpe, we had no audience at all. We were without money, and were asking each other what we should do, when the squire's son and a lot of young gentlemen came in and asked us to perform for them, which we did, and they gave us a couple of sovereigns, and, more than that, asked us to supper at the hotel. After supper the squire looked at one of our bills of the day, and said: Hello! why, I see you call yourselves Messrs. J. Ranford and W. Kerr. No wonder you get no audiences I suppose those are your real names? We answered that they were.

"Oh, that'll never do," he said. "You must have an *alias*—you mustn't let the public suppose you are Englishmen. It is contrary to the rules of professional etiquette. You must make out that you are foreigners.

"Well, at that all the gentlemen began to laugh; but it was settled before we broke up that night that, for the future, we were to call ourselves "The Two Foscari—the Spineless Siamese of Syria."

"Well, sir, that moment Ranford and I began to do well; but I am sorry to say that our good luck only caused my partner to drink the harder, and, in consequence, to behave more badly to his wife. His child he certainly was very fond of—partly, I think, because he had only known her a short time, for Ranford was one of those men who liked new faces. As soon as he met a stranger he was all life and spirits, and he would do anything or go anywhere to oblige him; but when he had known a man sometime he didn't care for him but grew cross and contradictory.

"At last we got an engagement at a garden near London, where there was a grand gala night every week, on which occasion a balloon ascended. I scraped acquaintance with the æronaut, and one evening I went up with him. The sensation was singular. I cannot describe it, but I liked it very much. The æronaut shewed me how he managed to steer through the air, when to throw out the sand, and how to descend. As we were sailing over London he said to me:

"'You couldn't do the slack rope up here Foscari, could you?'

"'Why not?' I said; and as I spoke the idea flashed upon me what a splendid feature in the programme it would be. 'Perilous Perrormance of the Two Foscari Brothers, who will go through all the evolutions on the Slack Wire suspended from a Balloon floating thousands of yards above the surface of the Earth!' A balloon, I thought, that could bear the weight of eight men inside the car, and, when at sufficient height we could get out on it and perform.

"As soon as I reached the ground I went to Ranford, who first laughed at the notion and then agreed to it. The proprietor of the gardens asked us to name our terms. We did so. He tried to beat us down, but at last consented, and we went up and did it?"

I interrupted him by asking if the danger were not extreme.

"'Not a bit?' replied my patient. 'If I fell from a wire fifty feet from the ground, the chances are that I should break my neck; if I fell from a height of fifty miles I could do no more. Then if our feet miss, we have our hands to hold on by. However, I was saying we went up, and when we had risen a certain distance, we got out of the car and commenced the performance. It seemed odd to me at first, tumbling and swinging in the air with the gardens, the audience, and the houses and the trees, such a depth beneath us; but, what struck me as being stranger, was when we hung head downwards and looked up at the clouds. I used to feel that the earth could not be very far distant, for high as we had risen, the sky seemed as far off from us as ever.

"Our performance gave great satisfaction, and was favorably noticed in the daily and weekly papers. We were told that the act that thrilled the audience most was the last act we performed before descending. Ranford, who was a heavier man than I, hung from the rope with his head downwards; then, taking hold of both his hands with both mine, I swung by their support; and then by way of climax, I let go my left hand, and hung only by my right. I never felt the least fear. We knew each other's grip and it was all right.

"At first the æronaut went up with us, but after a few times we were able to manage for ourselves so well that had an accident happened to one, the other could have got safely down.

"We were earning a great deal of money, but I noticed that Mrs. Ranford looked paler and more careworn every day, and I knew how her husband was conducting himself by that. She often told me how she wished they were poor again, as he had been much kinder in those times.

"One night—I shall never forget—I was returning from the gardens, and, as I passed the door of Ranford's lodgings, little Evalina's nurse ran out to me, and said—

"'For Heaven's sake sir, go in, Master and Missus have had a dreadful quarrel, and missus is going to kill herself.'

"I ran into the house. I found the parlor door open. Mrs. Ranford was in the room alone; her back was towards me, but I could see her face in the large mirror that stood over the chimney place. She had a razor in her hand, and was about to use it on herself, when she caught the reflection of my face in the glass. She stooped, turned round, and fell upon the floor in a fit. I picked up the razor put it in my pocket and placed the poor woman on the sofa. Ranford came into the room half drunk, half mad, and scowled at me like a demon.

"I expostulated, and tried to reason with him; but he only made me jeering replies such as 'Oh! I understand—better than you think for!' 'I am not a fool!' 'I have got eyes and can see!' and so on and I left the house with a heavy heart.

"Next day the nurse-girl told me that Ranford was jealous, and that he and his wife had quarreled about me. We ascended that night. He never spoke to me nor I to him. We both twirled up in the air without exchanging a word!

"When we got down I felt inclined to give him a good thrashing for his unjust suspicions; but I kept my temper for the sake of the poor woman, and so went on for eight or ten days.

"Our next ascent took place on the Grand Gala night of the United Order of Ancient Texophilites. It was a still, summer night, without a breath of wind. We ascended till the gardens, and the streets, and the churches looked like Dutch toys, and then got out upon the rope.

"As I took my seat beside Ranford I noticed that he had been drinking more than usual. He had lately taken to an odd way of shutting his eyes, and smiling with his knit brows, white tights, spangled tunks, and the bit of ribbon round his head, with a paste star in the centre, he looked as he sat swinging backwards and forwards in the air, more like an evil being than a man.

"We went through our performances, all but the last trick. As I was swinging from his two hands, the thought came into my head, if he should not hold on!

"As I let go with my left hand, and swang only with my right, I heard his voice above me.

"'Kerr, are you guilty or not?'

"I asked him what he meant.

"'You know,' he answered. 'Confess that you have wronged me; speak the truth. They are your last words! I have but to loose my grip and down you go!'

"I tried to seize his disengaged arm, but he held it above my reach, and put his other in such a position that I could not catch at it, but swung entirely at his mercy.

"I leaped to reach the rope with my heels, but I failed. I shut my eyes and prayed Heaven to forgive me. Every act of my past life rushed through my brain; at the same time I was perfectly conscious of everything about me—the blue sky, the quiet evening, the rope, the bottom of the car, and Ranford's head inverted over me. I thought what a time I should be falling, falling. I knew how slowly the sand sank from the car, and what a long, long time I should be dying ere I reached the earth.

I found strength to speak.

"Ranford, you are mistaken."

"You lie!" he answered.

"If you let go my hand you are a murderer. There will be an inquest."

"It is known that there was ill-blood between us, I continued. '"Your wife will say how jealous———'"

"A wife cannot give evidence against her husband!"

"I knew the next moment I should be falling through the air. A spasm shot to my heart. I fancied I saw the bottom of the car rising from me. I felt the grasp of his fingers loosen! With the energy and strength of desperation I leaped up and caught his disengaged wrist with the disengaged hand. I climbed up his body I know not how, till I reached the perch and thence into the car, where I lay panting for breath and trembling like a hare.

"He soon followed me. '"I frightened you, didn't I?'" he said, '"You don't suppose I meant it, do you?'"

"I made no answer, but prepared for the descent. While arranging the cordage our hands met. I could not bear his touch. I struck him, and knocked him into the bottom of the car, where he lay growling and swearing till we came to the ground.

"Next morning I called on the proprietor of the gardens, and told him all. To my intense astonishment he flatly refused to cancel our engagement, and said that our quarrels were nothing to him; that an agreement was an agreemnet and business was business; that the performance drew crowds of visitors, and he insisted on its continuance. I told him that I would not risk my life again, and he threatened me with a breach of contract. Shortly after I got an engagement at Glasgow, and left London without seeing either Ranford or his unfortunate wife and child."

"Two years passed away, during which I heard but little of my late partner.—While I was performing at Manchester I heard of an old friend of mine of the name of Coobie, being at a circus in town. I took the train and went over to see him. We dined, and at seven o'clock went together to the circus. Lounging near the entrance I saw Ranford. He was considerably altered—thiner and if possible more evil-eyed than ever.

"I know that man," I said to Coobie.

"I know you do, my friend replied. 'He calls himself the Excelsior, or Champion Somersault Thrower of the world.' He is in the bills for a trebel somersault to-night."

"You must know, sir, that a treble somersault means standing on a spring board, throwing your heels up, and turning completely round three times in the air before you light upon your feet." I need not say it is a very difficult thing to do.

I said to Coobie, "It's odd that a man who drinks so hard should be capable of such a feat."

"His engagement depends on it," was the reply; "we're full in every other line. The governor told him that he'd sign articles with him for that, but not for anything else. Eh! he sees you."

I turned round, and saw ranford walking quickly from us. I entered the circus and was accommodated with a seat in the orchestra. I could not help thinking of my old partner, and had a strange nervousness upon me, as if something was about to happen; but the feeling wore off when Ranford came into the ring. The audience applauded loudly, for he had thrown a treble somersault twice before, and he was a favorite in consequence.

I saw that he was not sober, and I noticed that he had the same little star upon his forehead that he wore the last time we made an ascent together. While the grooms were altering the position of the spring-board he walked up to the orchestra, and, with the same old devilish smile upon his face, said to me—

"You *can't* keep away, then, can you? You will come!"

"Ranford," I whispered, "you are not yourself to-night; take my advice—don't throw the treble."

"He swore an oath, and then burst into a laugh.

"You want me to fail, do you? he said. "'Fail when you're here! Hi!—youp—la!"

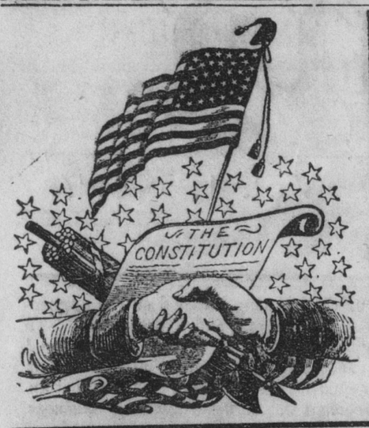
"He ran up on the spring board, bowed and kissed his hands. The music began. He threw several single somersaults, then a double one; then he stopped and crossed his arms and looked at me. The audience were very enthusiastic, and he began once more and repeated the performance, and stopped again. There was more applause. Then he turned towards me, smiling as if he said 'Now! and went to work a third time. He made some little preparation—turned over once or twice. The house was so silent that you might have heard a pin drop. He got the spring and over he went—once, twice. My heart rose in my mouth, for I saw that he had not room enough to turn a third time. His head came down with a terrible *thud* among the tan and sawdust; and he lay in the ring, doubled up and dead!

"A surgeon came out of the boxes, who said that his neck was broken, and that death must have been instantaneous. I fainted away. When I came to, I saw his body being carried out of the ring.

"Well, sir, I was pitched upon to be the bearer of sad news to the widow. I'll pass over that. I was surprised to find that in spite of his cruel usage, she still was very fond of him. I kissed the child, who was a fine little girl, and returned to Manchester the next day. I attended the funeral, of course. Ranford hardly left a pound behind him. I gave the widow an address that would always find me, and told her to write whenever—when—if she wanted—that is, whenever she required assistance.

"First the poor thing tried to set up a school for children, but that failed; and knowing that she must be sometimes pressed, I often sent to her. I don't know how it came about, but after a long correspondence and a courtship I married her; and here she comes with my beefsteak; and here comes Evelina—for that's the very woman, sir, and that's the very little girl, and a real beauty she is!"

A wit asked a peasant what part he performed in the great drama of life—"I mind my own business," was the reply.



THE WHIG.

OUR COUNTRY IS OUR PARTY.

HOLLIDAYSBURG.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1861.

An Early Extra Whig.

As the President's Message will be unusually important and interesting, we will lay it before our readers in an "Extra Whig" at the very earliest possible moment after it may be sent to the House of Representatives on Tuesday next.

Congress.

On Monday next the 37th Congress will convene at the Capitol in Washington city. It was organized in July last by the election of Mr. GROW as speaker. Seven States will not be represented, viz: South Carolina, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, Arkansas and Mississippi. Of the Southern States, Missouri, Kentucky and Maryland have elected full delegations. Western Virginia has elected her Congressmen, so has East Tennessee, and so will North Carolina.

We expect to see union and harmony in all its proceedings. We have but one cause, and that is our country—but one hope, and that is its redemption from rebellion. We hope this cause will receive its entire attention, and this hope animate their deliberations. If so, the result of the session cannot be otherwise than good for the country.

The National Republican

printed in Washington city is one of the very best papers of the age. It is printed daily and weekly. Please see the Prospectus for each in another column. The terms of the Daily are $3.50 per year. We will receive and forward subscriptions, or you can send the amount through the Post Master direct to the publishers. We recommend it to any person wishing to get a daily paper from that city.

In Prosperity.

The Pittsburg Daily *Gazette* comes out this week in a new dress, looking well, and, as usual, talking first rate. We believe it is not sold by our newsboys. This is a great mistake. Those interested should see to it.

The Latest War News.

The falsehoods of the infamous message of Jefferson Davis are so palpable, says the *Press*, that the document bears an ample refutation of its statements on its face.

It is said the rebel Congress have concluded to remove their seat of government from Richmond to Nashville. But it is questionable whether they will find the latter city a much safer place of retreat than the former. Both are, to some extent, threatened by our army, and will sooner or later be captured.

The rebels have been congratulating themselves upon the success of their shameless scheme for inveigling the Indians of the Southwest into their conspiracy. But it seems that a portion of the Indians are now ravaging their frontiers, and acting as their deadly enemies. The Houston (Texas) *Telegraph* says:

"The last mail from the frontier brings us the following letter. We have received other accounts of Indian forays, which lead us to believe that Pike's great Indian treaty is an unmitigated humbug. The Indians are becoming as troublesome this fall as ever, and at least two regiments of rangers will be required to protect the frontier this winter. We trust that, since war is our business at present, the war will be carried on 'knife to the hilt' against all our enemies. Nothing but the extermination of the Indians will ever save our frontier settlements. Here is the letter:

"LAMPASAS, October 24, 1861.—A terrible conflict occurred in Hamilton county, about forty miles above this place, about twilight on Saturday evening last, between a scout of seven or eight citizens and a party of Indians, twelve or thirteen in number. The scout had stopped for the night, when Witcher, who had rode some distance from camp, was discovered by the Indians, who at once gave chase, and pursued him so closely that he was compelled to abandon his horse and save himself by concealment in the thick shin-oak thicket. Grandy Morris, another of the party, who was shot threequarters of a mile from camp, a-foot, saw the chase, but not recognizing Witcher, supposed they were in pursuit of a beef, and, giving notice to his comrades, they were soon in the saddle and after the Indians, who promptly turned upon them and gave battle, which raged with great fury, when the scouts, having exhausted their fire, were compelled to retire. Upon getting together after the fight it was found that Robert Carter, an old and highly esteemed citizen, was missing. The next morning he was found dead upon the field, his back scalp taken, and twenty-five wounds upon his person. His horse was lying dead near him. An arrow passed through the calf of Morris' leg, and punctured the sweat-leather of his saddle, literally pinning him to it.

"'Mr. Hirst was shot through the side, the spike of the arrow lodging in the spine, and so firmly was it embedded there, Drs. Ryan and Douglass inform me, that in extracting it the whole body was raised before it gave way; the arrow had previously been broken off near the spike, in attempt to withdraw it. Lloyd's horse was wounded and died the next day. Townsend's horse received an arrow in the fore-shoulder and one in the hind leg. It is supposed that several of the Indians were wounded, but they managed to cling to their horses. They were subsequently pursued into Camanche county, where they scattered and made good their escape.

"J. W. Howard."'

Col. Mulligan recently visted Cincinnati, where he was very hospitably treated. In a speech delivered there he truly and eloquently said:

"Let me say in addition, that I believe the great Republic was not created to be so soon crumbled. [Applause.] I believe that God did not intend that the wisdom of our fathers should so soon be set at nought. I do not believe that so much revolutionary blood was spilled that all the results of the efforts of our forefathers should come to confusion. [Applause.] I believe that there is a great future for our nation—that the lustre even of the ancient nations will pale before the American Republic when it shall go forward anew upon the march of restored and united nationality. [Applause.]

"Let me say that it is the duty of every man to do all in his power to accomplish the grand result. I say, in sincerity, let him be accursed who despairs of the Republic. [Applause.] In the performance each of his own duty, I hope peace, white-robed peace, shall again brood upon all the hills and valleys of our land. But, my friends, honestly as I pray for peace, I do not pray for its advent until we shall have the laws vindicated, the Union respected, and the Constitution honored and obeyed. [Applause.] Then, when that is done, and when such young, susceptible gentlemen as John C. Breckinridge and his associates, baser than Cataline in the Senate house, shall refuse to forego the honors of an American Senator for the guidy plumes of a rebel brigadier, when we shall have all these, then let peace come. [Applause.] I hope the time will soon come when we shall have no traitors, no rebels—nothing but united American freemen. [Cheers.]"

The London *Times* of the 11th inst., in speculating upon the probable success of our naval expedition, says: "*If the Federal Government can seize a port and open it even nominally to the trade, they thereby take away the grounds of complaint which Europe has against them.* They show that it is not they who prevent cotton coming out, *but that it is the Southerners who keep it in.* That they will get cotton in any large quantity no one can believe, for the Confederate or the State Governments will, of course, take care that every bale, and probably every negro, shall be removed from the neighborhood of the enemy. But still the Federals will have *satisfied to some extent the demand of foreign nations*, inasmuch as they will be able to say to us or to the French; 'Here is a port enter it and take all the cotton you can get; you are at full liberty to trade with all whom you can find to trade with you.'"

Relief for Baltimore.

The City of Baltimore has petitioned the President, through a deputation of her worthy Union citizens, for a liberal dispensation of Government patronage within her borders, in view of the obstruction of her trade and paralysis of her industry caused by the war. This is a much more reasonable prayer than that of her deputation of Young Christians who visited the President last April, while intercourse or communication between the Capitol and the Free States was obstructed by armed force, to demand that *no more Union soldiers should be allowed to pass through Maryland to Washington*, and return to Baltimore to libel and traduce him because he did not see fit to comply with their request. The present is a loyal and proper solicitation, and we trust it will receive favorable attention.

France Against the Rebels.

We learn that the son of a distinguished citizen of Baltimore, in the French army, writes to his father that the French Ministers at a recent meeting voted unanimously not to recognize the independence of the southern confederacy. He also stated that he knew of private individuals in France who would lend the United States government $50,000,000 if it was needed. The feeling was general in favor of standing by the old Union and give her funds to its support. France was always true to the United States and always will be.

Letter from "Occasional," to The Press.

WASHINGTON A NORTHERN CITY.

WASHINGTON, NOV. 22, 1861.

In one of my letters, more than a year ago, I predicted that Washington must become a Northern city. Anticipating the defeat of the Southern aristocracy which, while lording over, had loaded down Washington with its want of progress and principle, I looked forward to the day when the daring, inventive, and original spirit of the free States would come here and entrench itself—would lead in society, mechanics, manufacture, arts, and sciences. These anticipations have been more than realized. The war, precipitated by the mad measures of the Southern traitors, after having been postponed by a Republican President, so far as he could offer conciliation, has already proved to be a great blessing to the District of Columbia. This capital, under all Administrations, from the day of George Washington to the day of Abraham Lincoln, has been insensibly and irresistibly controlled by the South. It mattered nothing which party triumphed at the Presidential election, the Southern politicians mastered the Administration. Southern manners, Southern habits, and consequently, Southern prejudices, impregnated the framework of the departments and the city. The influence thus wielded by slavery made it easy for the politicians to mould and manage the men in power. Talk as we may about the dangers of sectionalism, let us be candid with each other, and admit that, after the South, through its ambitious and desperate men, refused to abide by the result of the election—which election was, in fact, decided by their own hostility to a Northern Democratic candidate for the Presidency—a pure Northern triumph has ended in securing the salvation and stability of the city of Washington. To begin:—We got rid of the worst enemies of the country and the District in the persons of the leading Southern traitors; and those who remain behind only do so amidst hollow and well appreciated professions of loyalty to save the property that would otherwise be confiscated. A torrent of Northern enterprise and invention has poured into the city. Shops of every description are opened along the Avenue and in the other business streets. As to society, Northern gentlemen and Northern ladies have supplanted those who have been the monarchs of the world of fashion. The capitalists of our great free cities are coming here, and, although not yet establishing themselves in great palaces, are undoubtedly preparing to do so. We shall presently see evidences of the spirit that has made the environs, of Boston, New York and Philadelphia, almost a paradise, exhibiting themselves in the beautification of our surroundings. Northern carpenters, blacksmiths, and men engaged in every avocation of labor, are quietly settling down, as if to keep their posterity here forever. There are hundreds acres of unoccupied lands in and about Washington. All that is needed to make them valuable is population. That much-abused individual, the speculator, who seeats a job like the warhorse from afar off, and who sometimes proves to be a public benefactor, frequently risking everthing and losing it upon an idea,, may perceive it in this suggestion a wide and compensating field for his genius. Washington is one of the healthiest cities in the world, and when I look over the untenanted and uncultivated lots east of the Capital, and on the Island, and all around this interesting neighborhood, I am surprised that more of our Northern people have not come here and made it their home. Nothing but the intolerance and contracted spirit of those who have regarded it as their exclusive inheritance has prevented this from being done long ago. In truth, the national capital has been attractive more to politicians than the people. Now, however, that the Northern people are double here—first in their government, and next in their soldiers—they will probably reflect upon the suggestion that there is no spot more worthy of the enterprise of the rich and the labor of the poor. We need but a little more of the spirit that is rife on all hands to make Washington a great manufacturing and commercial depot. Our vast navy yard, like yours at Philadelphia, since the destruction of that at Norfolk, will have to be extended and improved. Adjacent alike by water and rail to the great iron and coal fields of Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, it is no difficult thing to anticipate the day when the scenes witnessed along the waters of the Delaware shall become familiar here; when immense factories of every description, from the shipyard to the manufactory of the most ordinary articles of common use, will be objects of constant observation. The representatives of the various industries and arts of life, instead of being attracted by Secession towards Secessia; instead of being called South, as was flippantly prophesied by the leaders of the rebellion, when that monstrous ingratitude originated, halt here. They look with surprise upon the tempting and promising prospect; they realize how much they have lost by neglecting Washington city; they behold the numerous facilities of soil and climate and geographical position with wonder, and almost forgetting what they have left behind, prepare to avail themselves of the advantages before them. If we can preserve this Union for our children and our children's children, the political metropolis of the United States will be as great a city as Rome ever was in her palmiest days.

Occasional.

☞ In town—From over the Mountains—Johnston McKee Esq.

THE REBELLION.

Engagement at Pensacola.

NEWS FROM REBEL SOURCES.

Fort Pickens Opens Fire on the Navy Yards.

The Niagara and Colorado Reported to be Damaged.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 26.

The Old Point boat has arrived. Passengers say that the Norfolk *Day Book* has a dispatch from Richmond to the effect that an engagement is going on at Pensacola.

Parties who read the papers say the Niagara and Colorado engaged Fort McRea. It briskly returned and that the vessels were damaged and had to haul off.

That Pickens was firing on the Navy Yard. This is the substance of the report.

One version of the affair at Pensacola says that on Friday Fort Pickens opened on the Navy Yard and Baranca, and that the Colorado and Niagara participated and had to be hauled off, being very much damaged. All comes through secession sources and must be received with due allowance.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

The Rebel Bragg Taking the Bombardment Coolly.

The Rebels Claim to have Breached the Walls of Fort Pickens.

THE TOWN OF WARRINGTON BURNED.

FORTRESS MONROE, Nov. 25.

Fort Pickens oponed fire on Bragg's forces, on Saturday. The particulars are meagre and come in only through rebel sources.

Gen. Bragg telegraphs that he is taking the bombardment coolly. The rebels claim to have breached the walls of Fort Pickens. The Navy Yard was on fire three times but the flames were each time extinguished. The village of Warrington was burned by Colonel Brown's fire on the first day.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 26,—The secession reports say that the affair at Fort Pickens took place on the 19th.

IMPORTANT FROM THE REBEL ARMY.

Statement of a Deserter.

Proclamation from the President desired by the Rebels.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 26.

On Sunday night Gen. Elsey's Orderly, a young man named West, who had enlisted in Winchester, after the countersign had been given out, mounted the General's horse, and rode out of camp towards Fairfax. Giving the Rebel pickets the password nothing wrong was suspected. He rode directly along the Little River turnpike through Fairfax until he came to Anandale.

Here he found our pickets and was brought in to head-quarters, when, after telling his story, he was released and went home to his father, who lives here. He thinks that the rebel strength does not exceed sixty thousand at Manassas and that they have but about one half their army on the Potomac. They lie west of Centreville towards Brentsville and Leesburg and over the Bull Run battle field.

They have fifteen batteries of artillery, but no heavy siege guns, and four or five cavalry regiments. They have no entrenchments except trifling dirt works, all of which are in the rear of and at Centreville, and are really nothing but breastworks for riflemen. Beauregard is not there, but went South, as was previously reported. Gen. Johnston is in command.

A large proportion of the troops are Virginians, and are armed with all kinds of guns, and hundreds are without any uniforms. But few of the cavalry have uniforms or full equipments. Most of the men are well clothed in common homespun, which is very thin and weak, but they have not suffered yet from the cold. Their tents are so thin that they will not turn the rain, and so when it rains heavily it rains through.

They have plenty of corn meal, flour and meat, but no coffee, sugar or salt. He says that many of the Virginia and Maryland troops would generally desert if they thought we would receive them, and that a proclamation from President Lincoln that all would be received who left, would thin out their ranks.

He says there was some dissatisfaction in the South Carolina and Georgia troops after the taking of Beaufort, who wanted to go home, but now they are willing to stay, being assured that it is of no account and that the federals will soon be driven off. He says they offer our men when taken prisoners, the choice of enlisting with them or going to Richmond, and two of the New York men taken a few days ago from the foraging party enlisted.

North Carolina.

The Government have well-authenticated assurances, from North Carolina, that the Union sentiment is daily increasing and gaining strength in that State. The inhabitants, generally, are freely asserting that they have been deceived by the leaders of the rebellion, and are anxious to have the burdens, imposed by Secession, removed, and the authority of the Federal Government recognized and enforced.—North Carolina will, in all probability, be represented, before many weeks, in the United States Congress.

The Affairs at Fort Pickens.

ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS.

Our Victory Supposed to be Decisive.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 26.

Assistant Secretary Fox has received a dispatch from Baltimore, stating that the Norfolk *Day Book* publishes advices from Richmond, to the effect that an engagement was going on at Pensacola.

Parties who read the paper say that it states that the frigates Niagara and Colorado had engaged Fort McRae and that the Fort briskly returned the fire; and further that the vessels, being damaged, were compelled to haul off.

The *Day Book* adds that Fort Pickens was firing on the Pensacola Navy Yard.

Anothar dispatch says the fight commenced on Saturday, and was in progress on Sunday.

Fort Pickens, by firing hot shot, had set the Pensacola Navy Yard on fire three times, but the rebels managed up to the latter day, to extinguish the flames. They had not, however, been able to suppress those of the burning town of Warrington, which the hot shot had utterly destroyed.

It was thought at Old Point that our victory was decisive.

Condition of East Tennessee.

The Union men Hopeful—The Presidential Election.

[From the Cincinnati Commercial, Nov. 22.]

We have very late and perfect trustworthy information direct from East Tennessee, and indirectly from other portions of the South. We shall not particularize the claims through which this information is received, but give our word that we know them to be worthy of the most absolute confidence.

The Union men of East Tennessee were never more loyal and hopeful than now.—They stand dauntless and incorruptible, and if there is any change they are becoming more ardent and confident in the good and great cause of national unity and free government which they regard as one and inseparable, now and forever. The secessionists whisper that there attempted revolution must end in a failure.

It is true, as rumored for a few days, that *There are camps of Union troops in Tennessee*, twelve hundred in one, and seven hundred in another, each man with his rifle and a pound of powder, and a corresponding quantity of balls, and regarding his powder as far more precious than gold. In the late bridge burning three important bridges in Tennessee and two in Georgia, were entirely destroyed, and two others greatly damaged. The roads were in bad order before the bridges were burned, and the rolling stock is in bad condition. "It will be impossible for the road to be so far repaired as to permit the passage of trains in less than a month." The loyal East Tennesseeans were hourly expecting a Federal army to force its way through Cumberland Gap, and if a vigorous advance had been made there, the capture of Zollicoffer's army would have been absolutely certain. Not a man could have escaped. Zollicoffer's effective force in Kentucky has not at any time exceeded seven thousand men, and he cannot now muster six thousand. The number of rebel troops guarding the East Tennessee Railroad when the bridges were burned was less than eight hundred.

If, after the battle of Wildcat, our troops had pushed vigorously forward, the loyal East Tennesseeans would have taken possession of the railroad and held it for their own use instead of destroying it; and they would have taken a large amount of provisions and military stores collected at Knoxville and other points for the use of the rebel army. The falling back of the Cumberland Gap expedition will have a most distressing effect.

The study loyalty of the East Tennesseeans appears in the returns of the recent Confederate election for President and Vice President and members of Congress. In Roane county, where two thousand votes are usually given, less than three hundred and fifty were polled, John Baxter, a submission Union man, (that is, one who is in favor of the Union, but looks upon the rebellion as a fact,) run for the Confederate Congress in Maynard's district, thinking the Unionists would support and elect him, rather than permit the election of an ultra secessionist. The Union men had about eight thousand majority in the district, but refused to vote, and the secessionists had a very small but almost unanimous voice. In Knox county, where the Union men had three thousand two hundred votes, Baxter, the submissionist, received but eighty votes. The Union men would have nothing to do with the election, but treated it with contempt. In many places the polls were not opened, and in some whole counties not a vote was cast.

The lines between the Union men and the secessionists are very sharply drawn.—Every man knows whom he may trust and whom he must distrust. The devotion of the Union people to the government is unalterable, and many touching proofs of it are given. We are told of men more than seventy years of age, acting as guides on the mountains in the night for those whom they knew to be the friends of the government. The women will not take money for any assistance they may render the Union men. Cases are mentioned in which poor women whose husbands are exiles; have with tears in their eyes refused to touch gold offered and urged upon them for provisions furnished those who were laboring in the cause of the Union.

A Rebel Surgeon's Account.

A letter from a rebel surgeon, to his uncle, found among the papers in Fort Walker when it was captured, gives the following account of the sickness and distress in General Lee's army in Virginia.—The writer is Surgeon in a South Carolina regiment in Western Virginia, and the letter was directed to Dr. Buist, who was the rebel Surgeon at Fort Walker:

Well, at the end of seven days' marching, countermarching and starvation, we got back to Valley Mountain, the whole affair having proved a failure—in the opinion of our brigade chiefly from the old fogyism and want of pluck among the Virginians. Never were men more sick of Virginia and Virginians than we are.—Shortly after this it was found that Rosecrans was pressing Floyd from the Kanawha, so our broken down and demolished army was drawn back from Valley Mountain and sent down to Floyd's assistance. The sick and disabled, which constitutes two-thirds of the whole, were first moved back 30 miles, over and almost perfectly impassable road—a road, at least, over which two mules could only go four miles a day with two sick men in the wagon. I was sent from there, with 160 of our sick, to the Springs, or Bath Alum, but when I arrived there, I found both places crowded, and had to go five miles further to the Hotel. Here I have been a week. I was the first to get here, and consequently had to open the place for a hospital. Since then, the sick of four other regiments have been sent here and the place is now crowded to its utmost capacity—making in all 400.—I have the entire control here, and am worked day and night, there being no other physician here. Part of the sick of Lee's North Carolina regiment are under my charge, and such a spectacle as they present would make your heart sick. Colonel, Lieutenant Colonel, Major and both Doctors are sick, I learn, and the men are dying like sheep. Out of one thousand two hundred, rank and file, there are now only three hundred fit for service. Their condition is deplorable. Our regiment is more fortunate than any, having had only five deaths since our arrival in Western Virginia. My regiment is now some seventy miles from hore, and I understand is about to engage Rosecrans. I ought to be there, but all the doctors are sick or playing possum, I don't know which.

I am getting worn out. I would give a great deal for a little rest. The fact is I am barefooted and without any winter clothes. Some kind lady in Nashville, sent me a few pairs of socks without which I would now be seckless. I have written several times to Nashville but can receive no answer. I have got no money, not having got any from the government since we were in the service, and even if I had, there is no place to buy clothes up here.—This is a beautiful location, and the proprietor is kind and liberal—a character not often found in these parts. I heard of Dr. Seguin, of your city, being up in our army, but I think he was taken sick shortly after his arrival, and has left. If there are any kindly disposed doctors among you who may wish to test their faith in secession, let them come here; we can give them plenty of work, very little to eat and less to wear. I should like to hear of, and from my friends in South Carolina, but I dont know how to tell you to direct. Better send to Nashville to Dr. Bailey, or R. B. Snowden & Co's. care, and they will forward. My love to Edward and all the family, and believe, me your's affectionately.

J. R. BUIST.

Tennessee.

The Union men in east Tennessee are to-day in a position of great responsibility, and it will depend on their efforts whether that portion of that state, with the adjoining territory of Kentucky, is to be entirely ridden of the rebels. The bold stand taken by the loyal men of east Tennessee, has also aroused the rebels, who are now convinced that they cannot rule as their coadjutors ruled in Virginia, and that the Union men of Tennessee and Kentucky are determined to fight their cause from house to house, and drench their homes in blood, rather than give up the principles which have made them free and independent. These men in east Tennessee deserve well of the country. They have practiced all that they profess for the Union, and they therefore should be sustained at all hazards. We believe that the federal government is determined to do this, from the fact that they are ordering some of the very best troops from the east to the localities in Tennessee and Kentucky thus menaced. The fact, too, that many of the picked troops from Pennsylvania are already in those states, and that many more are about to march in that direction, shows that the government is determined to protect those in the rebel states who show the least sign of loyalty and devotion to the cause of the Union.—*Penna. Telegraph.*

A BRAVE BOY.—On almost every vessel after the fight at Beaufort, the men were called aft and publicly thanked by their respective Captains. On the [illegible] Bienville, particular mention [illegible] special thanks returned [illegible] ship's company, to [illegible] a boy not fourteen [illegible] ed himself with [illegible] He is a powder [illegible] flinched or d[illegible] men were l[illegible] pale or ceas[illegible] han[illegible] to [illegible] be[illegible] n[illegible] su[illegible] ver[illegible]

OUR FLAG FOREVER.

Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us?
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

The Star-Spangled Banner.

Oh! say can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
O'er the rampart's we watched, were so gallantly streaming!
And the rocket's red glare, the bomb's bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there!
Oh! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foes haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam;
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream—
'Tis the star-spangled banner! Oh, long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war, and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footstep's pollution,
No refuge could save the hireling and slave,
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave!
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and wars desolation!
Blessed with victory and peace, may the Heaven rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust!"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

Red, White, and Blue.

Oh Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offer's homage to thee.
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When liberty's form stands in view,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white, and blue.
When borne by the red, white, and blue,
When borne by the red, white, and blue,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white, and blue.

When war waged its wide desolation,
And threaten'd our land to deform,
The ark then of freedom's foundation,
Columbia rode safe through the storm.
With her garland of victory o'er her,
When so proudly she bore her bold crew,
With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the red, white, and blue.
The boast of, &c.

The wine cup, the wine cup bring hither,
And fill you it up to the brim;
May the wreath they have won never wither,
Nor the star of their glory grow dim,
May the service united ne'er sever,
And hold to their colors so true,
The army and navy forever,
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue
Three cheers for, &c.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1861.

New Schedule.

If you wish to travel in the rail road cars, you had better examine the new schedule of time, on our first page.

☞ Professor MILLER will open a High School in Altoona on Monday next.

The Canal.

The act af Assembly authorizing the sale of the Pennsylvania canal to the rail road company stipulates that the eastern Division of the canal from this place to Duncan's Island shall be kept open and in repair for navigation. The people along the canal in this county, since the late freshet, have petitioned the company, in the most respectful manner, to comply with their part of the contract, in this particular. As yet they do not seem to heed the prayer of the petitioners, but seem to [illegible] they should resort to their legal

[illegible] Convention, com- School Superin- others interested in throughout the day, in the Cap- were present ool he

Thanksgiving Day

was generally observed in Hollidaysburg. Thestores and shops were closed and all kinds of business suspended. We are glad to see this. Now that we are being punished severely for our sins as a nation, it well becomes us to set aside all business, and excuses whatsoever, and humble ourselves before Him who rules all things to implore a blessing from on High. May the God of battles be our God and Redeemer and may He disarm the wicked and the rebellious and speedily restore peace and prosperity to our whole country.

The sermon preached by the Rev. D. H. BARRON, in the Presbyterian Church to a very large congregation, was very able, interesting and patriotic. He is a man of great ability.

Highway Obstructed.

The public road leading from Michael Hileman's residence in Logan township along Loudon's line to the White Hall, has been greatly obstructed by the Pennsylvania rail road company. We would respectfully call upon them to see to this matter. Mr. Hileman will give them any information they may desire and point out to them the obstructions. We hope and believe they will readily remove them.

Not In.

The *Standard* says his fight with the *Register* is a "free fight" and desire us to "Assist in the good work." We can't do it. Cause—no provocation—we stand off like the wife witnessing the struggle between the Bear and her husband.

New Gun-Boat.

We notice that Mr. McCauslin, formerly Master Machinist of the Pennsylvania Rail Road, and well known to most of the citizens of this place, has invented an iron clad gun-boat, which is said by competent authority to be far ahead, in every respect, of anything yet discovered in that line.—We understand that drawings and specifications thereof have been submitted to the Government for examination, and there can be but little doubt of its adoption, if half that competent and disinterested parties say as to its merits be true.—*Trib.*

IN TOWN.—Hon. Joseph Ritner of Cumberland county, was in town yesterday. The ex-Governor is in his eighty-second year, but continues remarkably healthy and active. He is at present residing on his farm, near Carlisle, the cultivation of which he personally superintends, performing himself much of the rough labor incident to that occupation.—*Pa. Tel.*

☞ Secretary CAMERON has determined to construct a new bridge over the Potomac river in the vicinity of Washington. He has also determined to erect this new bridge so as to accommodate a railroad track, by which the government and the people will be greatly benefitted.

A Secession Lady.

The Provost Guard have much trouble with the Secession ladies at Alexandria. The ladies there have no hesitation in openly proclaiming their Secession proclivities. One of them who was called upon by a captain in Col. M' Lean's regiment and remonstrated with for her violent language to one of the guard, replied that if she had her way she would kill all of the Union troops. "But," continued she, "I never said a word to your guard—I was talking to a nigger—and I can whip the nigger who told you what I said!" The captain reported progress to headquarters!

☞ The Frankfort *Commonwealth*, one of the best Union papers published in Kentucky, thus comments on Col. John Cochrane's late speech to his regiment at Washington:

"The policy indicated by Mr. Cochrane is exactly right, and in accordance with the usage of civilized warfare. We hope to see it adopted by the Government. It should have been at first. Had it been, many lives of loyal citizens would have been saved that were lost through the anomalous conduct of the Government toward traitors in arms. Since the commencement of this unnatural war it has been safer to be a rebel than to be loyal to the Government. The extreme punishment of treason has thus far been an oath of allegiance," which a rebel will take with as much *sang froid* as he would a gin cocktail.

"Why should not the slaves of traitors in arms be confiscated to the use of the Government? The *Democrat* will not deny that slaves are property, as clearly so as are mules. Is it right and proper to confiscate a mule, and put it to hauling transportation? If it is, why is it not equally right and proper to confiscate a slave for a driver of that mule? Both are property, and both are employed by the rebels in their attempt to destroy this Government. We believe in "fighting the devil with fire." The rebels employ armed negroes, armed savages. They resort to all sorts of base means, even to piracy on the high seas. They poison wells, and when they can—as at Guyandotte—they resort to assassination. It is all stuff to talk about fighting such an enemy on "high points.' The Government has been trying the experiment some eight months, with indifferent success. If we meet a rattlesnake in our path, we mash his head if we can. Let this barbarous rebellion be crushed out we care not how, so it be done quickly."

An Astor in the Army.

Mr. John Jacob Astor, of this city, has joined the staff of Major General McClellan, with the commission of Lieutenant Colonel. Mr. Astor is the representation of thirty millions of property, with an income of two millions per annum. He has been from the beginning one of the most active and efficient executive members of the Union Defence Committee of this city, and has given his time, knowledge and money without stint for the cause of the country and for the suppression of the rebellion.—Those foreigners who doubt whether our best men have much interest in the Union have a very satisfactory reply in this action of Mr. Astor. Such capitalists as he see very plainly, as Mr. Shepherd Knapp said some time ago, that if the Union is worth nothing, then nothing else within its bounds has any value.

Two other prominent members of the Union defence Committee are also in the field—General Dix, who was the first President of the Committee, and Brigadier General James S. Wadsworth, who was one of General McDowell's aids at the battle of Stone Bridge, and was mentioned in the despatches for his cool and gallant conduct.—*Evening Post.*

General Patterson.

General Patterson, of Philadelphia, whose mismanagement at Harper's Ferry, and in the neighborhood of Winchester, it is supposed, lost us the battle of Bull Run, has made his defence, and throws the blame on Gen. Scott. As Gen. Patterson waited four months, until Gen. Scott left for Europe, before making this statement, we prefor waiting to hear Gen. Scott's reply before we accept an exparte defence so long delayed.

A Rebel Deserter.

A rebel deserter from one of the enemy's reconnoitring parties came into our camp yesterday. He reports that the rebels have an abundance of all provisions except groceries. When the news of the landing of our fleet on the coast of South Carolina reached the encampments in Manassas Gap the South Carolina troops were wild, and wanted to be sent home at once,

WARNING TO RECRUITING OFFICERS.—Information having reached the Secretary of War that it is not unusual for officers and others belonging to different regiments to induce soldiers to desert from one regiment or company for the purbose of joining another, the Adjutant General has directed a letter upon the subject to be addressed to an officer who has been engaged in this practice. It is intended as a guide to others. The following is the substance of the letter. For a soldier to enlist in any regiment, troop, or company, without a regular discharge from his proper regiment, troop, or company, is desertion, punishable with death in time of war. To induce or persuade him to such desertion, or even to advise him to it, is also bunishable with death. For failing to confine or deliver up such deserter, a commissioned officer is to be cashiered.

☞ The discovery has just been made in the land office that John Slidell owns fifty thousand dollars worth of public lands in Minnesota. It will of course be confiscated.

☞ It is rumored among commercial men and financiers, that Secretary Chase intends to recommend in his report an increased duty on various articles, and especially on sugar.

MARRIED.

On Thursday, Nov. 14. at the M. E. Parsonage, Altoona, by Rev. W. L. Spottswood, Mr. GEORGE SPROUS, of Marietta, Lancaster county, Pa., to Miss MARY JANE GUMMONS, of Blair county, Pa.

DIED.

In this Borough, on Monday night last, Mr. JOHN HILL, in his 32nd year.

In this place, on the 26th inst., Mrs. Young, wife of Mr. James Young, in the prime of life.

In Camp Pierpont, Va., on Thursday the 8th inst., of Typhoid Fever, Mr. EDWARD EVARS, of Tub Spring Mills, Blair county, a member of Company E, 8th Regt., Penna. Reserve Corps.

In Washington city, on the 17th inst., DAVID STROUSE, of the military Telegraph office, formerly of Altoona.

Near Tipton, on the 13th inst., Mrs. SARAH WEIGHT, aged 62 yrs. 4 mo. and 18 days.

BLAIR COUNTY

MARBLE YARD.

THE subscriber informs his old friends and the public in general that he still continues to carry on the *Marble Business*, in all its various branches, at the old stand, corner of Allegheny and Front streets, where he is prepared to furnish,

Headstones, Tombs, MONUMENTS, TABLE TOPS,
MANTLES, &c., &c.,

in a neat and workmanlike manner on short notice, and on the most reasonable terms.

The public are respectfully invited to give me a call before purchasing elsewhere, as I am confident that my work and prices will satisfy any person desiring any thing in my line of business. Now is the time to get a cheap job.

JOHN FREEMAN.
Hollidaysburg, Nov. 29, 1861.

MARKETS.

HOLLIDAYSBURG, Nov. 28, 1861.

WHOLESALE MARKET PRICES, PAID BY OUR DEALERS.

Flour per bbl—Extra Family,	$5 25
" " Extra,	4 90
" " Superfine.	4 75
Wheat per bushel—White,	1 15
" " Red,	1 09
Rye " "	50
Corn " "	40
Oats " "	25
Barley " "	50
Corn Meal per 100 lbs.,	1 00
Potatoes per bushel,	31
Butter per pound,	15
Eggs per dozen,	10
Hay per ton,	8 00
Cloverseed per bushel,	4 00
Timothyseed do.,	1 25
Flaxseed do.,	1 00

Philadelphia Markets.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 28, 1861.

Cloverseed, per 64 lbs.,	4.50@4.62½
Timothyseed "	1.25@2.00
Flour per bbl.—Superfine,	5.50@5.62½
Extra,	5.75@5.87½
Fancy brands,	6.50@7.50
Wheat—Penn'a red,	1.25@1.35
Southern,	1.40@1.45
Ohio white and Kentucky,	1.25@1.35
Rye—Penn'a,	72@76
Corn—Old,	64
New,	50
Oats,	39@40

Pittsburg Markets.

MONDAY, November 28th, 1861.

FLOUR.—There is no new features in the Flour market. The demand is only moderate while prices remain unchanged; sale of 60 bbls Family at $5@5,10; 37 do do at $5@5,25; 130 do do at $5@5,10; 40 do do at $5@5,25.

GROCERIES.—The Grocery market is rather quiet and dull, without, however, any particular change in quotations; sale in lots of 16 bbls Molases at 46c, 6 hhds Sugar at 10c, and 58 bags Coffee at 16½@17c.

GREEN APPLES.—The supply in market is large, and considerably in excess of the demand; sale of 50 bbls inferior at $1,40@1,50; 60 do do prime do at $2,25; 20 do do at $2,25@2,30.

ALTOONA DIRECTORY.

CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

PRESBYTERIAN—Rev. Stewart Banks, Pastor—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Prayer meeting in the Lecture Room every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School in same room at 9½ o'clock in the morning.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—Rev. W. Lee Spottswood, Pastor—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Prayer Meeting in the Lecture Room every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School in the same room at 2 o'clock P. M.

EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN—Rev C. L. Ehrenfeld, Pastor—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Prayer Meeting in the Lecture Room every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School in same room at 9 o'clock A. M.

BAPTIST—Rev. A. H. Sembower, Pastor—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock.—Prayer Meeting every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock A. M.

UNITED BRETHREN—Rev. Samuel Kephart, Pastor—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Prayer Meeting in the Lecture Room every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School in the same room at 9 o'clock in the morning.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL—(No regular Pastor.)—Preaching on Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock A. M.

ENGLISH CATHOLIC—Rev. John Tuigg, Pastor—Divine services every Sabbath morning at 10½ o'clock, and in the afternoon at 3 o'clock. Sabbath School at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

GERMAN CATHOLIC—Rev. ——— Pastor—Divine services every Sabbath morning at 10½ o'clock, and in the afternoon at 3 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock in the afternoon.

AFRICAN METHODIST—Rev. Alexander Johnson, Pastor—Preaching every Fourth Sabbath in each month. Prayer Meeting every Friday evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at two o'clock in the afternoon.

MEETINGS OF ASSOCIATIONS.

Mountain Lodge, No. 281, A. Y. M., meets on second Tuesday of each month, at 7½ o'clock P. M., in the third story of the Masonic Temple.

Mountain R. A. Chapter, No. 189, A. Y. M., meets on the first Thursday and third Monday of each month, at 7½ o'clock, P. M., in the same room as above.

Mountain Council No. 9, A. Y. M., meets on the first Monday of each month, at 7½ o'clock P. M., in same room as above.

Mountain Commandery, No. 10, A. Y. M., meets on the fourth Tuesday of each month, at 7½ o'clok, P. M., in same room as above.

Altoona Lodge, No. 473, I. O. of O. F., meets every Friday evening, at 7½ o'clock, in the second story of the Masonic Temple.

Veranda Lodge, No. 532, I. O. of O. F., meets every Tuesday evening, at 7½ o'clock, in third story of Patton's Building, on Virginia street.

Winnebago Tribe, No. 35, I. O. R. M., meets every Tuesday evening in the second story of Masonic Temple. Council fire kindled at 7th run 30th breath.

Altoona Division, No. 311, S. of T., meets every Saturday evening at 7 o'clock, in the second story of the Masonic Temple.

BOROUGH OFFICERS.

Jacob M Cherry, John McClelland, Justices of the Peace.
John Allison, Burgess.
A A Smyth, Daniel Laughman, John McDowell, R Greenwood, C R Hostetter, N J Mervine, Town Council.
S M Woodkok, Clerk to Council.
Daniel Laughman, Borough Treasurer.
George B Cramer, John Shoemaker, J B Hileman, William Boyden, James Lowther, E A Beck, School Directors.
J B Hileman, Treasurer of School Board.
Joseph K Ely, High Constable.
Joseph K Ely, Collector of Taxes.

PROSPECTUS
OF THE
DAILY NATIONAL REPUBLICAN,
PUBLISHED AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

The attention of the friends of Republican principles throughout the country is invited to the subscription terms, as given below, of the *Daily National Republican*. It is the only paper published at the National Capital which sustains the views of public policy upon which the present Administration was brought into power.

The postage to mail subscribers is thirty-nine cents per quarter, or one dollar and fifty-six cents per annum. This makes, with the subscription price of three dollars and fifty cents per annum, an annual cost of only five dollars and six cents

All treaties and acts of Congress are published in the *National Republican*. The acts of Congress are published as soon after their passage as they can be prepared for the press at the State Department.

All the proclamations of the President, notices from the State Department of the deaths of citizens abroad, advertisements of land sales and for contracts in all the Departments, monthly exhibits of the Treasury, everything in short, of an Executive nature, which is ordered for publication, appears in the *Daily National Republican*. This makes it a useful paper to everybody, and really an indispensable paper to many.

To the extent of the patronage extended to it, still further improvements will be made in its present literary and political merits.

Although this is intended as a Prospectus, specially of the *Daily National Republican*, there is appended also a Prospectus, giving the terms upon which the *Weekly National Republican* is furnished to mail subscribers.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

The daily *National Republican* is published every morning (Sundays excepted) at $3.50 per annum, in advance; five copies, $15.00.

Address WM. J. MURTAUGH & CO.,
Washington, D. C.

PROSPECTUS
OF THE
WEEKLY NATIONAL REPUBLICAN
WASHINGTON, D. C., October 15, 1861.

The undersigned commenced, in the month of December last, the publication, in this city, of a weekly newspaper, called the "National Republican."

It is printed on a large sheet, twenty-seven by forty-two inches, and is furnished at the low prices stated below.

It contains all the original matter of the daily "National Republican," with the exception of local news not interesting to country subscribers.

It gives full reports of the proceedings of Congress, and of the other departments of the National Government.

It contains all the news of the day, foreign and domestic, markets, &c., &c., as well as an original correspondence from all parts of the country. The miscellaneous department receives special attention, and, in all respects, efforts are being made to establish the character of the "National Republican" as a Family Newspaper.

Washington being now the central point of the current military operations, great attention is paid to furnishing the readers of the "National Republican" with full, and especially with *accurate*, accounts of the progress of the war for the Union.

In politics the paper is Republican, sustaining the Administration of Mr. Lincoln.

There is no other Republican paper in the District of Columbia, or in the vicinity of it, and it is believed that recent events have opened to such a paper an important sphere of useful effort. The time has come when the actual administration of the Government upon Republican principles will explode the misrepresentations which have made those principles so distasteful to the South.

But it is not only here and in this vicinity that the projectors of the "National Republican" hope to make it useful. To the whole country they offer a journal which will discuss national politics from a national standpoint, and which will never be swerved from patriotic duty by any overpowering pressure of local interest.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One copy, one year	$2 00
Three copies, one year	5 00
Five copies, one year	7 00
Ten copies, one year	12 00
Twenty copies, one year	20 00
One copy, six months	1 00
Three copies, six months	2 50
Five copies, six months	3 50
Ten copies, six months	6 00
Twenty copies, six months	10 00

Payment always in advance.

When a Club of subscribers has been forwarded, additions may be made to it on the same terms. It is not necessary that the subscribers to a club should receive their papers at the same post-office.

Money may be forwarded by mail, at our risk. Large amounts can be remitted in drafts on Boston, New York, Philadelphia, or Baltimore; smaller amounts in gold, or in notes of solvent banks. Address

WM. J. MURTAUGH & CO.,
Washington, D. C.

H. FETTINGER'S
GENERAL NEWS AGENCY,
No. 1, ALTOONA HOUSE.

School Books, Blank Books, Stationary, Confectionaries, Cigars & Tobacco,
TOYS & NOTIONS IN GREAT VARIETY
CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Nov. 15, 1861.

The Blair County Whig,

will be published every Friday morning at the News Agency of H. Fettinger, in Altoona, where subscriptions and advertisements will be received. As the Whig is extensively circulated about Altoona it will be greatly to the advantage of the merchants, mechanics and others in or about the town to advertise in it. We will take any thing our customers may have for sale, as pay. Look to your own interests.

A COOKING STOVE FOR SALE FOR TRADE.
Inquire at this office.

COAL.

JAS. M. COOPER & CO.,
(SUCCESSORS OF PORTER, MILLIKEN AND CO.)

ARE prepared to furnish the public with a good article of Bituminous Coal, by the boat, car, or cart load.

Hollidaysburg, Nov 1, 1861.
J. M. COOPER. S. MILLIKEN

NEW GOODS!

HAVING but recently returned from the East with a new stock of ready made CLOTHING &c, the subscriber offers to the public, of this vicinity, a rare chance for cheap and substantial wearing apparel, and respectfully asks a share of the public patronage.

LOUIS GOLDMAN
Oct. 18, '61-3m

EXCHANGE HOTEL,
HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA.

JESSE WINGATE, Proprietor.
October 25, 1861.

NEW STOVES,
TIN AND SHEET-IRON WARE,
IN ALTOONA.

THE SUBSCRIBER would respectfully inform the public, that he has just received a large supply of STOVES, of all Patterns, such as: Continental Cook, and Herald Cook. The *Elm Gas Burner* which is far superior for Parlors, to Silvers' Gas Burner.

The *Ida Gas Burner* and the *Gem Gas Burner*, these are *the* Stoves of the Season. He has also, the *Egg*, and every variety of Stoves.

TIN AND SHEET-IRON WARE, in great variety, always on hand.

ROOFING & SPOUTING
put up on short notice.

All kinds of job work promptly attended to. Store and Shop on Annie street, between Harriet and Adaline streets, East Ward.

STEPHEN WINTERS.
Altoona, Oct, 25, 1861.

TO DISABLED SOLDIERS, SEAMEN AND MARINES AND WIDOWS OR OTHER HEIRS of those who have died or been killed in the service. CHAS. C. TUCKER, Attorney for Claimants, Bounty Land and Pension Agent, Washington City, D. C.

Pensions procured for Soldiers, Seamen, and Marines of the present war, who are disabled by reason of wounds received or disease contracted while in service, and Pensions. Bounty Money and Arrears of Pay obtained for widows or other heirs of those who have died or been killed while in service.

Bounty Land procured for services in any of the other wars.

CHAS. C. TUCKER,
Washington, D. C.
[November 1, 1861.]

Blooded Stock for Sale!!

THE subscriber, having more PURE BLOODED ALDERNEY and GRADE CATTLE on his farm than he desires, will sell some of them at fair prices.

Nov 8.-tf. THADDEUS BANKS.

SAMUEL S. BLAIR.....JOHN DEAN
BLAIR & DEAN,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
Hollidaysburg, Blair County, Pa.
Oct. 18, '61-6m

For Sewing Machines.
JONAS BROOK & BRO'S
PRIZE MEDAL SPOOL COTTON
200 & 500 yds. White, Black & Colored.

This thread being made particularly for Sewing Machines, is *very Strong, Smooth and Elastic*. Its strength is not impaired by washing, nor by friction of the needle. For machines, use Brooks' Patent Glace.

For upper thread,
and Brooks' Patent Six Cord, Red Ticket,
For under thread.

Sold by respectable dealers throughout the country. Also, in cases of 100 dozen each, assorted Nos., by

WM. HENRY SMITH, Sole Agent,
Nov. 8.-6 mos. 36 Veesey st., New York.

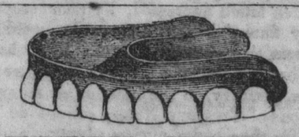
JOHNSTON, JACK & CO.,
(Formerly Bell, Johnston, Jack & Co.)
Bankers,—Hollidaysburg, Pa.

WM. M. LLOYD & CO.,
(Formerly Bell, Johnston, Jack & Co.)
Bankers,—Altoona, Pa.
Nov. 22, 1861.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

ESTATE OF SAMUEL W. RHODES, DEC'D.

THE auditor appointed to distribute the balance in the hands of John Lingafelt administrator of Samuel W. Rhodes, dec'd., hereby gives notice that he will attend to the duties of his appointment, at his office, in Hollidaysburg, on Thursday, the 12th of December, 1861, when and where all persons interested are requested to attend, otherwise they will be debarred from coming in upon said fund.
Nov. 22-3t.



TEETH—TEETH.

DR. S. KIMMELL, DENTIST, will insert TEETH on pivot, Gold plate, Silver plate, and the Vulcanite base from one, to a full set, on the most reasonable terms. Everything warranted. Gold fillings warranted for forty years.

Office opposite to the Exchange Hotel,
Hollidaysburg, Nov. 15. 1861.

FARMS FOR THE POOR MAN.

The subscriber offers at private sale, the balance of his lands in "THE KETTLE," near Altoona, at $5 per acre, payable in twenty years or less, with interest. He will sell any number of acres the purchaser may desire.—The soil is very good—scarcely second to the best in Blair county.

JOHN BROTHERLINE.
Hollidaysburg, Nov. 15th, 1861.

S. M. WOODKOK,
Attorney at Law,
ALTOONA, BLAIR CO., PA.

Will practice in the several Courts of Blair, Cambria and Huntingdon counties.

Having had several years' experience in the practice of the Law, he expects to merit public patronage.

Office on Virginia street, in the room lately occupied by Maj. Leet.
October 18, '61-tf.

Poetry.

The Keystone State.

Hark to the call of bugles
Hark to the roll of drums!
Forth for the Union Battle,
See what an army comes.
Down from the Alleghenies—
Down through the central gate—
Soldiers to guard the Union,
Sons of the Keystone State!

Measure them not by hundreds,
Thousands have come that way,
Ready to die if need be,
Rather than shun the fray,
Pouring in hosts to the border,
From the early hours till late;
These are the troops of the nation,
Sent by the Keystone State.

Pledged for the good of the country—
Pledged to the land of their birth,
Straight from the field and harvest,
Straight from the citizen's hearth,
See how they rally in squadrons;
Each other for a mate.
Guarding the Arch of the Union,
Bound by the Keystone State.

Look to your drama, ye traitors!
View your stage with dismay:
And while the curtain is rising,
Down and prepare for the play!
If it is a tragedy bloody
Picturing to you your fate,
Wait not the acts that's committed
Unto the Keystone State!

The Farmer.

How to Clear Land of Brush.

Our pastures are encroached upon by shrubs and trees of inferior growth, making nestling places for weeds, and shading much land which otherwise would produce grass. We prefer to use the brush-hook and cut up everything, to lay the drybrush over the stumps and burn it. If sheep are kept on the lot afterwards they will feed down the young growth which starts from the roots, the most part, and a scythe will keep under the remainder. A correspondent of the *Homestead* gives his views as follows:—"This is often a problem of much importance, and the solution of it is attended in some sections with much difficulty and expense. After cutting and burning the brush piled up in heaps, many think the best and perhaps the only mode of extermination is plowing and thorough tillage. This is an effectual remedy and, where circumstances will admit, a good one. But there are many fields which cannot be treated in this manner. Either the occupant cannot sustain the requisite expense; or impediments to plowing stand in the way. In many sections there are large quantities of land now comparatively useless that would, if the brush were destroyed, be valuable for grazing. Last year I tried burning the land over with cutting the brush and have been so well pleased with the result that I wish to recommend the practice to others, and also draw out the experience and opinions of others.—Now is the time, as soon as the ground is dry enough. The fire runs best in the middle of the day. From a single experience I have come to one conclusion—that fire runing over the land a few consecutive years will run out the brush, and the land be benefited by the operation, especially if a top-dressing of gypsum or something else be applied afterward."

Prospects for Farmers.

The editor of the *American Agriculturist*, thus closes an article on this subjects, justifying his conclusions by tables showing the unprecedented export of breadstuffs from this market during the past six months, as also the well known deficiency in the crops of both England and France the present year:

It seems very evident that Providence has kindly prepared our country for its present trials, so far as its material interests are concerned. Never before was there an equal surplus of breadstuffs; never before a greater foreign demand; never before so much solid gold currency on hand and available for moving the crops; and all these circumstances have come together. Our grain would be next to valueless, were not the surplus wanted abroad, while that demand would not avail us, had we not the surplus capital to move the grain. For four years past the farming interest has been much depressed, by poor crops and by financial difficulties. It would now seem that the upward turn is at hand.—The vast addition made to the currency of the country, in the issue of so many millions of Treasury Notes, cannot do otherwise than make money plenty, and this will gradually, if not at once, increase the money value of all kinds of farm produce. Let the cultivators of the soil then take courage, and go to their labors with higher hopes and renewed zeal.

Salt for Swine.

A correspondent of the *Analls der Landwith schaft* states some interesting experiments to test the use of salt in fattening swine. He selected two pairs of barrow hogs, weighing 200 lbs. a piece. One pair received with their daily allowance of food two ounces of salt, the other pair, similarly fed, none. In the course of a week it was easily seen that the salted pair had a much stronger appetite than the others, and after a fortnight the salt was increased to two ounces a piece. After four months the weight of the salted hogs was 350 lbs. apiece; while that of the unsalted, five weeks later, reached only 300 lbs. This experiment was repeated with almost precisely the same results. The author feeds young pigs, according to their age, a quarter of an ounce daily; breeding sows very little during pregnancy, and during the heat of summer withhold it in great degree form all, as it induces thirst and liability to disease.

The Great End in Farming.

It is not the great end, to see how much hard work can be done, nor how much money can be earned in a given time.—The aim should be, not only to better one's condition, but to improve one's self and his family, and to make himself useful, virtuous, and happy. Which is first, the man or his farm? The farm was made first, no doubt, so far as the earth and water and wood, are concerned; but in importance, the man stands first, and high above all, and he should always keep himself so.

It is folly to make one's self a slave to his land; bending his back, year in and out, in the hardest drugery, regardless of his own improvement, and of his high relations to society and to God. Whenever a farmer (and we might as well say a mechanic, merchant, and professional man) finds himself a slave to his work, wearing himself out prematurely in the mad pursuit of money, he had better pause and ask himself a few sober questions:—What is it going to amount to in the end? Am I true to the dignity of my own nature, to my family, to my Maker? Am I preparing myself for a serene and healthy old age? Am I not cutting short my day?

A little self-catechizing of this sort is needful, especially in the hurry of haying, and harvest-time; but it will not come amiss at any season. Let this instruction be given and received, line upon line, here a little and there a little.—*Exchange.*

Gum Arabic Starch.

Get two ounces of fine white gum Arabic and pound it to powder. Next put it into a pitcher, and pour on it a pint or more of boiling water—according to the degree of strength you desire—and then having covered it let it set all night. In the morning pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle, cork it and keep ti for use. A table-spoonful of gum-water stirred into a pint of starch that has been made in usual manner will give to lawns—either white or printed—a look of newness to which nothing else can restore them after washing. It is also good, much diluted, for thin white muslin and bobbinet.

Miscellaneous.

The Domestic Tyrant.

It is to me a thoroughly disgusting sight to see, as we sometimes do, the wife and children of a family kept in constant terror of the selfish bashaw at the head of the house, and ever on the watch to yield in every pretty manner to his whims and fancies. Sometimes, where he is an anxious and hard wrought man, whose hard work earns his children's bread, and whose life is the sole stay, it is needful that he should be deferred to in many things, lest the over tasked brains and over-strained nervous system should break down or grow unequal to their task. But I am not thinking of such cases. But I mean cases in which the head of a family is a great fat, bullying, selfish scoundrel; who devours sullenly the choise dishes at dinner and walks into all the fruit or desert, while his wife looks on in silence, and the awe-stricken children dare not hint that they would like a little of what the brutal hound is devouring. I mean cases in which the contemptible dog is extremely well dressed, while his wife and chidren's attire is thin and bare; in which he liberally tosses about his money in the billiard room, and goes off in autumn for a tour on the continent by himself, leaving them to the joyless routine of their unvaried life. It is sad to see the sudden hush that falls upon the little things when he enters the house; how their sports are cut short, and they try to steal away from the room.—Would that I were the Emperor of Russia and such a man my subject! Should he not taste the knout? Should not I make him howl? *That* would be his suitable punishment; for *he* will never feel what worthier mortals would regard as the heavier penalty by far, the utter absence of confidence or real affection between him and his children when they grow up. He will not mind that there never was a day when the toddling creatures set up a shout of delight at his entrance, and rushed at him scaled him, and searched in his pockets and pulled him about; nor that the day will never come when, growing into men and women, they will come to him for sympathy and guidance in their little trials and perplexities. Oh! woeful to think that there are parents held in general estimation, too, to whom their children would no more go to for kindly sympathy than they would think of going to Nova Zembla for warmth.—*Country Parson.*

Save your Rags.

Something may surely be done by every family toward putting a stop to the enormous waste of paper material. The refuse, which has hitherto found its way to the dust heap, as though fit only for manure, should be preserved in bags kept for the purpose, and should be handed over to the rag-merchant. If the remuneration received for it be small, the trouble is not great, and the benefit conferred upon the public will be considerable, besides the colateral advantage that must spring from fostering a habit of wise economy and thrift. Every family which values education, and wishes well to the cause of cheap literature, will render what help they may by scrupulously saving their rags, waste-paper, and other paper material. Could not the rag-merchant or the paper manufacturer, on his part, organize some means of collection at stated periods? Contractors find it worth their while to fetch away our dust, and pay handsomely for it, employing a large staff of employees. Will it be believed that our linen and cotton rags are less valuable?

Port Royal in the Olden Time.

A NAVAL EXPEDITION THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Port Royal, it appears, possesses an interesting history, and was a point of some notoriety three centuries ago. We quote the following from the New York *Times:* The region around Port Royal Entrance and Island has a strange, eventful and romantic history. It was, in fact, the first settled spot on the coast of North America. How interesting, in view of our expedition, to read the story of another expedition to the same locality just three hundred years ago. The first colony was sent out by Admiral Coligni, a zealous protestant, and then one of the Ministers of the Crown, who, at the time of the war between the French Protestants and Catholics, obtained permission of Charles IX to plant a colony of Protestants in Florida—a name then applied also to a great part of the Southern coast. Command of two vessels was accordingly given to Jean Ribault, "a man expert in sea causes," and in the spring of 1562 he landed on the Florida coast. Sailing northward, he discovered several rivers, one of which, from the "fairness and largeness of its harbor," he called the Port Royal River.

The old chronicler, Laudonneiere, who accompanied the expedition, describes the scene in glowing colors. Splendid forests, shores festooned with rich grape clusters, birds of brilliant plumage, stags and deer in the luxuriant savannahs. As the commander cast his eye across the waters of the beautiful river before him, says Laudoniere, and measured the breadth of its mouth and the depth of its sounding, he persuaded himself that "all the argosies of Venice could ride upon its bosom." Accordingly, upon the island a few miles up Port Royal river, he erected, it is said, on the very spot where the town of Beaufort now stands, a pillar with the arms of France, and a few days after built a fort, which, in honor of his King—Charles IX—he called "Charles' Fort"—*Arx Carolina*—from which circumstance the country took the name of Carolina. Thus it was that on that very spot, for the first time, three hundred years ago, on the North America coast, the flag of a civilized colony might be seen by the approaching mariner. But this French colony did not flourish, and after sending out another colony to the same locality, the French, in 1567, gave up all idea of making settlements.

It was almost a century after this before the English began to colonize around Port Royal. Early in the seventeenth century Lord Cardross led a colony from Scotland, and settled in Port Royal; but this place, claiming from an agreement with the Lords Proprietaries, co-ordinate authority with the Governor and Grand Council of Charleston, it was compelled, with circumstances of outrage, to acknowledge submission.—Settlement, however, does not seem to have progressed very rapidly, for in a tract entitled "A New Description of that Fertile and Pleasant Province of Carolina, by John Archdale, Governor of the same, 1707," the following passage occurs: "The principal place is Port Royal—please God it may be seated with English and Scots in a considerable body, because it is a bold port, and also a frontier upon the Spaniard at Augustine. The Scots did, about twenty years since, begin a settlement with about ten families, but were distressed by the Spaniards. O! how might the Scots that go now as Switzers to serve foreign nations; how might they, I say, strengthen our American colonies, and increase the trade of Great Britain, and enrich themselves at home and abroad."

In 1670 Wm. Sayle was sent out as Governor, and in his letter of instructions he was told to "cause all the people of Port Royal to swear allegiance to our sovereign lord, the King, and subscribe fidelity to the proprietors and the form of government established by them." Port Royal entrance is an inlet from the Atlantic, in latitude 32 deg. 8 min. N., fifty miles South-west of Charleston, and fifteen miles North-east of Tybee Inlet, the entrance of Savanah river. The opening from the Atlantic is between Edding Island and Hilton Head Island, and at that point is about three miles wide. The prolongation inward of Port Royal river. Running up this for about twenty-five miles, bending off Eastward through the Coosaw river, and coming out to the Atlantic again through St. Helena Sound, you have an irregular area of about twenty-five miles by fifteen, This amphibious region is cut up by numerous rivers, creeks and inlets into a great many islands (sea islands) of various sizes, the chief of which are "Port Royal," "St. Helena," "Paris," "Ladies," "Coosaw," "Morgan," "Dathaw," "Edding," "Chaplin," "Prentiss" and "Hunting,"

FAST TROTTING—THE BEST TIME EVER MADE IN DOUBLE HARNESS.—Considerable rivalry has existed for some time between Commodore Vanderbilt and Mr. Bonner, of *The Ledger*, as to who should own the fastest pair of trotting horses.—Mr. Bonner has always declined to match his horses, being opposed to betting.—Yesterday, however, in order to satisfy himself of their speed, he drove his horses—Lady Palmer and Flatbush—to his road wagon, in the extraordinary time of 2.27, the last quarter in 34 seconds. This is the fastest time ever made by any pair of horses in the world, and consequently beats the Commodore's team.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

☞A soldier, named Collins, a student of Oberlin College, was killed in the battle of Cross Lanes, Va. His last words were spoken to a friend by his side to be carried to his mother. "Tell her," he gasped, "I die in the love of Jesus."

The Presbyterian Church on the War.

We publish the following resolutions, passed at the Presbyterian Synods of Philadelphia and Ohio, to show our readers that the venerable church is still soundly patriotic.

The spirit and sentiments of the resolutions are admirable, and will encourage many of our soldiers, who have an impression that they are doing right, but may not have the clear perception that while upholding the Government with their good swords, they at the same time are serving the Lord as acceptably as though they were in church at home. But read the resolutions.

Synod of Philadelphia, met at Easton, Oct. 17, 1861. "Resolved, That we express our abiding and unwavering attachment to the Constitution and Government of our country, as bequeathed to us by our Fathers, and we express our determination to *labor and pray* for the speedy, effectual and *unconditional suppression* of the present *most groundless*, cruel and wicked rebellion in the history of any people, and for the integrity and perpetuity of the Union of the States, under which, as a nation and a church, we have so greatly prospered."

Synod of Ohio, at Cincinnati. "Resolved, That we assert, before high heaven, that a rebellion now seeks to establish itself in this country, and is destitute of any shadow of a ground upon which to offer a raasonable justification of itself; and in the crisis to which we have arrived it has become a truth of more than ordinary emphasis and importance that *fidelity to Government is fidelity to God.*

"Resolved, That a special responsibility at such a time as this, is devolved upon the ministers of religion, whose solemn duty it is, by their public instructions and by their prayers, to educate the people of this country in the practice of lofty and devoted Christian patriotism."

☞ Captain Wilkes of the *San Jacinto* is about fifty-six years of age. Though every inch a sailor, and not often given to the melting mood, the blind god, according to the Brooklyn Times, once succeeded in sending one of his shafts clear through his rough southwester, which found a lodgment in his honest heart. The bow from which the shaft was sped hung in the eyes of a fair girl, and straightway the jolly tar fell head over ears in love. He prosecuted his suit with vigor. The girl was "a lass who loved a sailor," and so called upon him and consented to become his wife.—But he had a rival in the son of a respectable tallow-chandler, well to do, called Slidell, and young Slidell, feeling considerably cut up by being cut out, refused to accept "the mitten," but, not having spunk enough to throw down the glove to his sailor rival, contented himself with "poisoning" the mind of the "stern parient" of the fair one, until he refused his consent to his daughter's marriage with the told Charlie Wilkes, and instead upon her giving her hand to young Slidell, which, after many protestations and the customary amount of terms and hysterics, she did, and became Mrs. John Slidell. The bold Charlie Wilkes did not peak and pine, or let his melancholy feed on his weather-beaten cheeks, but went to sea and smothered his grief in attending to duty, and sustaining the honor of his nation's flag, never seeing his "lady lass" again, nor meeting his successful rival for her hand and heart until he saw him standing a prisoner on board his ship, a traitor to his country, and a rebel against the flag the honest tar had spent his life in defending. Such is the romance of war.

The Mississippi By Night.

By night the scene is one of startling interest and magical splendor. Hundreds of lights are glancing in different directions, from the villages, towns, farms and plantations on the shore; and from the magnificent floating palaces of steamers that frequently look like moving mountains of flame, so brilliant are these enormous river leviathans illuminated, outside and inside. The spectacle presented is like a dream of enchantment. Imagine steamer after steamer come sweeping with those thousands of lights casting long brilliant reflections on the fast rolling water beneath. There are often a number of them, one after another, like comets in Indian file. Some of these are so marvellously and dazzlingly lighted they really look like Alladin's palace on fire, sent skirring and dashing down the stream, while perhaps just then, all else is darkness around it. I deligted too, in seeing as you frequently do, the twinkling lights in the numerous cottages and homesteads dotted here and there; and you often observe large wood fires lit on the banks, looked like merry-making bon fires.

☞ Seventeen years ago, the Gospel was introduced to China. Now there are eighty Protestant missionaries, some fourteen hundred communicants, and three thousand Chinese Christians. It is supposed within thirty years that, 100,000 Karens have been brought to the light and liberty of the truth. Facts like these should encourage the Church to put forth greater efforts for the salvation of the heathan world.

☞ The "Banner" says the First General Assembly of the Old School Presbyterian Church in the Confederate States has been held in Augusta, Georgia. The Rev. Dr. Palmer of New Orleans preached the opening sermon. The proceedings are not known owing to the difficulty of obtaining news from that quarter.

☞ The California pony express ceased running on the 27th of October.

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NEW VOLUME.
On the seventh of September, 1861, THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE commenced the twenty-first of its existence; THE DAILY TRIBUNE being some months older and THE SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE somewhat younger. For more than twenty years, this journal has labored in what its conductors have felt to be the cause of Humanity, Justice and Freedom, endeavoring to meliorate the condition of the oppressed and unfortunate, to honor and encourage useful exertion in whatever sphere, and, to promote by all means the moral, intellectual and material advancement of our country. It has aimed to be right rather than popular, and to espouse and commend to-day the truth that others may not be willing to accept till to-morrow. In pursuing this course, mistakes have doubtless been made and faults committed; but having in all things incited our readers to think and judge for themselves rather than adopt blindly our own or others' conclusion, we believe we may fairly claim for this journal the credit of having qualified its readers to detect and expose even its errors. To develop the minds of the young by the most general, thorough and practical Education, and to encourage and stimulate Productive Industry, through free grants of Public Lands to actual settlers and cultivators, as also through the protection of immature or peculiarly exposed branches from too powerful foreign competition, ad among the aims to which this journal has are hered through good and evil report, and which it steadfastly commends to American patriotism and philanthropy.
As to the Civil War now devastating our country we hold it to have originated in a Rebellion more wanton, wicked, inexcusable, then was ever before known—a Rebellion in the interest of the few against the many—a Rebellion designed to raise higher the walls of caste and tighten the chains of oppression. Having done all we could without a surrender of vital principle to avoid this War, and witnessed the forbearance, meekness, and long-suffering with which the Federal Government sought to avert its horrors, we hold it our clear duty, with that of every other citizen, to stand by the nation and its fairly chosen rulers, and to second with all our energies their efforts to uphold the Union, and the supremecy of the Laws. And, though the Rebellion has become, through usurpation, deception, terriorism and spoilation fearfully strong, we believe the American Republic far stronger, and that the unanimous, earnest efforts of loyal hearts and hands will insure its overthrow. But on all questions affecting the objects the scope, and duration of this most extraordinary contest, we defer to those whom the American People have clothed with authority, holding unity of purpose and action indispensible in so grave an emergency.
In a crisis like the present, our columns must be largely engrossed with the current history of the War for the Union, and with elucidations of its more striking incidents We shall not, however, remit that attention to Literature, to Foreign Affairs, to Agricultural Progress, to Crops, Markets, &c, &c., which has already, we trust, won for THE TRIBUNE an honorable position among its cotemporaries. Our main object is and shall be to produce a comprehensive newspaper, from which the careful may glean a vivid and faithful history of the times, not merely in the domain of Action but in that of Opinion also. As our facilities for acquiring information increase with years, we trust that an improvement in the contents of our journal is perceptible, and that, in the variety and fulness of intelligence afforded, we may still hope to "make each day a critic on the last." In the hope, we solicit a continuence of the generous measure of patronage hitherto accorded to our journal.
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